

THE MEXICAN

1912

The Citizens National Bank ADAMS, N. Y.

Capital	\$50,000
Surplus and Profits	\$95,000

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W. H. Osborn - Vice President
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We solicit the business of all having need of banking facilities, and who does not?

Deposits can be safely made by mail. The rural carrier can bring your business to us safely and as quickly as you can make the trip yourself if your time is otherwise occupied.

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We pay interest on Certificates of Deposit.

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Oct. 16—Mr. Houghton takes a nap in Physical Geography.



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KESSLER

Fruits and Vegetables

Oct. 13—Miss Emery becomes famous in Esperanto.

Oct. 10—Biology—Mr. Gilson calls Miss Marsden a little angel.

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Steel Engravers and Jewelymen
TO
American Universities

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INSURANCE
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ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Oct. 3—Eng. II—Mr. S—: "What was the Reformation?" Mr. M-ll-n: "The time after the flood."

Oct. 6—Phys. Geog.—Miss D—. "What kind of currents are there?" Mr. G—. "Red and blue."

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College Chap who ex-
pect to graduate this
year ought to be looking
up the New Suit for it.

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Vanilla, Chocolate, Strawberry.

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Corner

Dry Goods, Millinery
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MEXICO

NEW YORK

Oct. 8—Anc. Hist.—Parasols were one of the first inventions of the Chinese.

Oct. 11—Miss E-e-y chooses a new seatmate (C. H.)

F. G. LUDINGTON

Successor to W. H. Osborn

MERCHANT MILLER

FEED, GRAIN, GRASS SEED, ETC.

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Attorney and Counselor at Law

MEXICO, N. Y.

GO TO

WHITNEY

FOR

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MEXICO, N. Y.

Sept. 22—Harold D— asserts "Granville was Pitt's grandson."

Oct. 26—Miss. H— seizes Miss Fairchild's books.



Frederick L. Kellogg

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AND DEALER IN

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PNEUMATIC TOOLS
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NEW HAVEN, N. Y.

Dec. 10—Virgil—Kessler: "My father followed with unequal feet."

Nov. 15—Mr. E—sings in Geometry.

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Almost everybody knows that this store does the largest garment business not only in Syracuse, but in this section of the State. But everybody doesn't know about our recent acquisitions—carpets, rugs, shoes, housefurnishings crockery, etc. It will Pay You Handsomely to get acquainted.

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Harnesses

Harnesses

All Kinds and All Grades at Prices none can Compete
Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases, Hammocks, Blankets
Robes, Mittens, Etc.

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MAIN STREET

MEXICO, NEW YORK

Nov. 20—Mr. S—announces we should find nothing pleasing in our lessons.

Nov. 20—Miss Dunn boards the wrong train.

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Cameras and Photo Supplies

Expert Developing and Printing

High Grade Portraiture

You *are* alive today. Listen,—You cannot do your relatives a greater service than providing them with a good photograph of yourself. This will be appreciated more than anything else when you are gone.

Look over your collection of photographs. Is that photograph of your wife, husband, or child a late one and such as you would like to remember them by? Is that picture of yourself a good likeness and one that your wife and children will cherish?

Do not delay this important matter.

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Clothing, Shoes & Furnishing Goods
of all kinds for men and boys

THE UP-TO-DATE STORE

MEXICO

NEW YORK

Nov. 21—Esperanto Class convenes in chapel at 1:10 p. m.

Dec. 5—Mr. Barlow "looks as if he was dying to recite."

THE MEXICO INDEPENDENT

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in the State of New York

Only ONE DOLLAR A YEAR and its circulation is 1,414 and constantly increasing
JOB PRINTING of all kinds neatly and expeditiously
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**FRESH AND SALT MEATS, FRUITS
AND VEGETABLES**

Opposite Boyd House Phone 45-J MEXICO, N. Y.

Nov. 16—Miss L— derives a new formula for a triangle.

Jan. 3—Miss H—asks Ger. III if they know what Lager is?

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and Wall Paper.**

We aim to please with not the cheapest goods made but good goods
moderately priced, and your money back if, you want it.

Jan. 12—Phys. Geog.—Mr. Huntley cannot hear himself think.



HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

THE MEXICAN

PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS
OF MEXICO HIGH SCHOOL



VOLUME SEVENTEEN

1912

T. O. Young, Printer, New Haven, N. Y.

TO OUR BELOVED PRINCIPAL
WILLIAM VERNON WILMOT
WE, THE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1912
DEDICATE THIS NUMBER OF OUR ANNUAL
IN COMMEMORATION OF HIS
LOVING AND FAITHFUL SERVICE
 RENDERED US DURING OUR STAY IN
DEAR OLD M. H. S.

Editorial Staff

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VERA M. GRAVES	Assistant Editors
MARGARET O. BECKER }	
F. HOYT HOLLISTER	Business Manager

Go, little book, God send thee good passage
And especially let this be thy prayer
Unto them all that will read or hear,
Where thou art wrong after their help to call,
Thee to correct in any part or all.

Faculty

1911—1912

W. V. WILMOT, Ph. B.
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Mathematics

CLAUDE L. SHEPARD, A. B.
ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL
English and Latin

F. IRENE HUNGERFORD
PRECEPTRESS
French and German

MARIE K. DUNN, B. S.
Science

CLARA E. SNELL
History, Drawing and Agriculture

JESSE A. LAWTON
Seventh and Eighth Grades

CORA ROSS
Sixth Grade

VEDA M. WARD
Fourth and Fifth Grades

MARY E. SEELEY
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Music



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ATTENDANCE OFFICER AND JANITOR

Frank Elkins

Seniors



Junior. — It seems to me you carry your
head pretty high.

Senior. — Well, if I do, I'm not as stuck
up as you are.



Upper Row: Halligan, Davis, Holly, Loucks.
Middle Row: Fairchild, Pontius, Smith, M. Smith, Hager, Hollister, Guyett.
Bottom Row: Stone, Delong, Sill, Learned, Becker, Kessler, Graves.

Senior Officers

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Counselor.....	Harold M. Day
Poetess.....	Vera M. Graves
Historian	Blanche B. Learned
Prophetess	Ina B. Stone

Class Honors

Valedictorian	Vera M. Graves
Salutatorian	Margaret O. Becker

COLOR: Silver and Blue

FLOWER: White Rose

MOTTO: "To advance, not to retreat."

Class History

I had wandered about many days looking for the cave of Clio, the muse of history. I was searching for the records of the class of 1912, the largest class that ever graduated from dear old Mexico Academy. It had been many years since I had heard anything about this class, for the records had accidentally been burned, and I had been asked to write a short history of the class. For this reason I was compelled to go to Clio for information.

At last I found her cave and entered. It was the strangest room I had ever seen. It was long and low, and at first nothing could be seen anywhere but rock. But as I became accustomed to the dim light, I noticed an instrument in the center of the room which looked like a phonograph. Seated near it, with a roll of manuscript in her hand, was a tall, fair woman who I decided must be Clio. The walls of this curious room seemed to be filled with more than a hundred little niches, containing small, round boxes. Each niche contained four boxes and above each one was a placard. I asked Clio what the boxes were, and she said they were records of all the various classes which had graduated from M. H. S. The placard stated the class whose records were below. I saw the records of the class of 1910 and 1911, and I looked eagerly around for those of the class of 1912. At last I discovered them in a broad, spacious niche where they had been placed because of their size and importance. I begged Clio to play them for me and she obligingly began to play the first one of the series.

It opened with the song, "The Blue and the Grey," which I remembered were the class colors. It sounded as if about forty young people were singing. Suddenly it was all hubbub and noise and I concluded the members of the class were enjoying a class meeting. There were several of these in succession. Then there cord closed with the yell:

Razzle! dazzle! zip! zap! zelve!
We're the class of 1912.

The second record also began with the song "The Blue and the Grey," and this time I should judge there were no more than thirty voices, singing most heartily to make up for the decrease in numbers. Shouts of triumph were heard as various students conquered difficult subjects, such as Caesar and Geometry. Now all was quiet for a

time, and only the sounds of busy work could be distinguished. But presently these were interrupted by the jingling of bells. Cries of farewell were heard in the distance, and I afterward recalled the time when four Freshmen attempted to prevent a Sophomore meeting, and were taken out in the country and forced to walk home in the snow. This record closed with the yell:

Razzle! dazzle! sis! boom! bah!
Mexico High School, rah! rah! rah!
Are we in it? Well I guess
We're the Sophs of M. H. S.

I was very anxious to hear the third record and Clio immediately began to play it. This record opened with the subdued hum of interested industry and I remembered how determined we all were to gain the reward which always accompanies diligent study, and to pass our examinations with honors. At various times there were sounds of riot, but always at the last were the familiar voices of the Juniors with their cries of victory, for they never experienced defeat. The Sophomores can testify to this when they recall the evening they started for Lena Grey's home.

When this record was finished I waited breathlessly for the fourth, as one does when about to listen to a favorite song. It began much the same as the others. Then at intervals loud cheers and a great hand-clapping were heard. Following this were shouts of joy from voices which I recognized as belonging to the Seniors. They had just given their class play, and were talking over their great success in the banquet, held in the dressing room in the town hall immediately after the performance.

Again the noise of the schoolroom was the only tune, but I soon began to hear the sound of many people, all talking at once, and I recognized the voices of the American history class. I concluded they were having one of their spirited debates. One of the members seemed to be rapidly gaining her point, because of the numerous long and inunderstandable words she used.

After the debate was ended, it was quiet for a while. Then more cheering and hand-clapping were heard for the Seniors had covered themselves with glory in the prize-speaking contest. Again the record changed and it seemed as if the English IV class was reciting. I could hear the voice of one of our boys, noted for his height and good nature, reading Macbeth in a loud voice, although he was continually

interrupted by the teacher.

The next selection was a curious combination of all the familiar songs, as if each person was trying to strike a different note. This made me recall the evening the members of the Senior Class and Faculty were so pleasantly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot, and how one of the most enjoyed events of the evening was the game in which every one had to hum a song which was pinned on his neighbor's back.

After all the school sounds had ceased, the soft strains of "The Orange and the Black" sounded in the distance but gradually grew louder and the marching of many feet was heard. For the Seniors, twenty-two in number had reached the goal of success and all had valiantly lived up to their motto which had been, "To advance and not to retreat" through the four years of their high school life.

BLANCHE L. LEARNED '12



President's Address

FRIENDS, ALUMNI AND FELLOW STUDENTS:

IT is with pleasure that I, in behalf of the class of nineteen hundred twelve welcome you to our class day exercises this evening. As we look into your faces we behold an expression of interest which we trust will not wane in the future, for, though separated, our ties of friendship need not be broken.

This day may seem of no great importance to you, but to us it is like a new epoch in history, since it marks the turning point of our lives. From this day we will be looked upon as men and women, capable of making our mark in the world regardless of obstacles.

During our brief stay here, we feel that our lives have been greatly benefited by coming into contact with and following the noble example of so efficient a faculty and school board. We hope that, as alumni, we may do nothing to lower the high standing of Mexico Academy and High School.

We take this occasion to extend our heartfelt thanks to all those who have helped to make our high school life profitable as well as pleasant.

To the undergraduates we would say "profit by our mistakes."

Although the completion of our high school course gives us great pleasure, over this pleasure there is cast a shadow of regret for,—

The saddest tale we have to tell
Is when we bid our friends farewell.

Why this Nation has been Prosperous

OUR progress, both as a people and as a nation has been very rapid. From the very beginning of the nation, the efforts of the American people have been crowned with success and prosperity until today our land stands foremost among the nations of the world. But to what, has this great success and prosperity been due?

First of all, consider the character of the people, who have made up the population of this country. They have been energetic and ambitious to improve their conditions, persevering in their work and have had a spirit of personal independence and liberty. They have had the ability of developing the natural resources of the country to their fullest extent. And last of all they have desired for education. Are not these the characteristics, which the people of a nation must have, in order to be prosperous.

Then too, the rapid development of invention has in no small degree been responsible for the success of the nation. The inventions marvelously increased the efficiency of human labor. For instance the introduction of the telegraph made it possible to operate large railway systems and farming on a large scale was promoted by the invention of agricultural machinery.

These two conditions, the character of the people being of that kind, which is necessary for prosperity and the rapid development of invention, combined with the good climate, splendid soil and wonderful mineral resources of this country, and the extent of free trade over an enormous amount of territory have made the American people what it is. These conditions are all still present in the inhabitants of the United States and in the country in which they live. But great as the progress of the American nation has been in the past, we have every reason to believe that the achievements in the arts of peace have but just begun.

F. HOYT HOLLISTER

Address to Undergraduates

STUDENTS OF THE UNDERGRADUATE CLASSES:

AS our career as Seniors in Mexico High School is drawing to a close, I find that it is my duty in behalf of the class of 1912 to address you. It is with a feeling of pleasure that we, as a class, are before you tonight; but there is also a feeling of sadness which creeps over us as we think of departing from you.

It is with pleasure because we have reached the goal for which we have striven long and hard. No doubt you are eager for the time when you may fill this most honored place. For obtaining your desire it will be well to follow some advice which we shall extend to you. We do not offer it to offend you but rather to make you better.

Before considering this matter you Juniors may say, "We are experienced; we have had three years in high school and do not need any advise from you." But in answer to that we can say, "You do need counsel because we as Seniors have had experience and responsibility and know that advice is a good thing to receive,—when given free of charge." Thus we are able to give it from our own experiences and also from the trials of those who have gone before. This feeling of responsibility has steadily and daily increased as our senior year has passed. We have had many trials and have realized that much depended upon us; but now we realize that much depends upon you. Therefore, if you will follow this advice, I think that you will honorably fill our places next year and be worthy of the name of Seniors. In order to obtain this it is necessary to go to a less number of parties next year so that you will be able to keep awake during class recitations, to study your lessons and be able to recite when called upon, to return immediately to school after having an hour's vacation granted you during the middle of the school day. There are numerous other things which I might mention but if you will follow the example set by the Class of 1912, you will gain the end for which you are striving. We have been successful and have such a large membership because we have found that it paid to follow the advice of the others who had gone before.

Sophomores, we offer you most hearty congratulations upon your co-operation with us and the school in general. We have noticed since we allied our forces with yours that you were striving to reach the goal which we are just passing. I wish to add that if you continue

as you have been doing it will not be a disgrace for the Alumni to accept you into their ranks upon your winning the hard fought battle.

To the Freshmen we wish to say: Be even more loyal to the school than you have been in the past. By doing thus you will influence the classes of the future and they will love and reverence you.

If, in years to come, we were to hear that you had not done your duty when occupying the positions we have held for the past year, it would cause us greater sadness than we now feel at parting with you. Hoping that this will not come true we will now say good bye.

Junior Response

Greetings, Seniors, heartiest greetings,
Affectionate and true,
As your course you are completing,
We congratulate you.

I represent the Junior Class,
So noble and so strong,
Who each "exam." expect to pass,
And take your place, ere long.

While, together, you've been working,
In our dear old M. H. S.,
Since you never have been shirking,
Your reward has been success.

For four long years you've had an aim,
Studying with all your might,
To win, at least, a little fame,
On your graduation night.

In future years you'll fondly treasure,
The mem'ry of friends made here,
And I'm sure 'twill be *our* pleasure,
To recall each face, so dear.

As you leave these halls of learning,
And your lifework you begin,
May your thoughts be ever turning,
To the precepts, taught herein.

Sadness now comes stealing o'er us
As we part from friends so true
You, who've led the way before us,
We bid farewell and adieu.

ARIEL M. WHITNEY '13

Sophomore Response

SENIORS, I, the representative of the class of 1914, greet you tonight with the respect and honor due those, who have reflected such credit on the High School. We are sad and downcast at the thought of your departure, for when we return to the High School next fall we shall miss you—our friends. Your influence has always been the best and you have ever set the whole school a good example. You have made it our desire to some day reach your high standard.

Last year when we were poor, frightened Freshmen you looked after us for which we are duly grateful; and this year, although it has never been necessary to call upon you for aid we were aware of your brotherly friendship for us. When you entered the High School four years ago you were a large class and during your sojourn here your numbers have not greatly decreased. The honor of being the largest class which has ever graduated from our High School is your reward.

May the future bring you even greater success than you have enjoyed here. That your pathway may ever be bright is the parting wish of the Sophomores.

SADIE LOVELAND '14



Freshman Response

SENIORS, it is with the greatest pleasure that I respond to you and extend the heartiest congratulations in behalf of the Freshman class.

We Freshmen look up to you as the Knights of the Round Table looked up to King Arthur, believing you to be all that is noble and true. If you conquer all your battles in life as easily as you did Physics and Virgil you will never fail. It is with sadness that we bid you farewell tonight, for in the past year we have looked up to you to guide our faltering footsteps in the thorny pathway of knowledge. Although we are still verdant yet we one day hope to fill your places and our ambition is that we may fill them as ably as have you.

We wish to thank you, Seniors, for the advice you have so freely given us and we hope that when you go out into the world you will sometimes remember the little Freshmen of your Senior year with your Alma Mater.

MABEL EVERLEIGH '15



Forty Years Hence

Dear Classmates, tonight we've assembled together,
For nearly the last time to meet as a class;
To render just tribute to dear Alma Mater
Ere we from her portals, forever, shall pass.
We also have met here to give our class Hist'ry,
To hear of our future, to publish our will,
And further to give good advice to our classmates
Who next year desire our places to fill.

How happy the years we have spent here together
Studying, playing, and racking our brains
In fruitless endeavors to index the knowledge
We'd stored there, till headaches rewarded our pains.
Forty years hence, how we'll live it all over,
Rememb'ring each class meet, hard-won games of ball;
Recalling to mind each successful endeavor—
Ah! fondly in mem'ry we'll cherish it all.

Forty years hence, it seems far in the future.
What changes, classmates, will take place ere then?
Who of our number will gain themselves fortunes?
Who will be honored among our great men?
Some of our classmates, perhaps will be statesmen.
A band of bright girls we possess too, from whence
The bold suffragettes may secure a commander,
Who'll lead them to vict'ry, ere forty years hence.

Ah, little we know what the future may bring us;
The present, alone, God allows us to view.
Then let us press forward with courage, determined
To enter life's battle with brave hearts and true.
Let us give to the world the best that is in us,
Though some paths may be barred by clouds that are dense
May we all prove an honor to dear Alma Mater
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years hence.

VERA M. GRAVES

Prophecy

ONE afternoon in late summer I was walking slowly along a shady country lane. A drowsy stillness hung over the earth. No air stirred in the trees above my head. Anon a bird twittered and far off toward the lazy horizon a cock crowed. By the side of the road was a huge tree, its roots covered with moss. "What a place for a rest," I thought sinking down on the ground. A squirrel hopped out on the end of a limb and gazed wonderingly at his strange visitor. Somewhere a bee hummed busily. How still everything seemed. But where do I find myself? What are all of these dazzling lights? An Opera house! Before me is a river of floating ice. Suddenly a girl rushes across the stage and jumps upon a rocking cake. She gives a scream. Where have I heard that voice before? Looking at my program, I find in glaring headlines "Uncle Tom's Cabin, Miss Margaret Olive Becker as Eliza." My attention is again drawn to the stage for something has happened to Eliza. She gracefully drops to her knees on an extra large piece of ice. Turning to my neighbor I inquire the cause of her delay. "Humph," he grunts, "she lost her glasses."

But hark! wasn't that a rooster crowing? Well, if here isn't a chicken yard. In the gate stand two women with red sunbonnets and I hear one say, "I don't exactly understand the question but"—she stops from surprise for while they have been talking the chickens also have made use of the gate. Both pull off their sunbonnets and run after the trespassers. Although it has been fifteen years since we left M. H. S. still I recognize those women, who are now wildly waving their sunbonnets and shouting at the top of their voices, as two of my classmates, Vera Graves and Anna DeLong.

But the noise is left behind. I am now on a city street before a large wooden building. Across the front is a huge pink and red sign which reads, "Fancy Baked Stuffs." Proprietress Grace Holly. I remembered that Grace had taken a course in domestic science. Again the scene changes and I am walking along a country road. Before me is a cottage in which I conclude I shall have to spend the night for it is now late in the afternoon. The door is promptly opened at my knock and before me stands a mighty man, "tall and straight as a tamarack tree." My eyes immediately turn to his hair for it is of the color which attracts attention. I make my errand known and am

invited in. My host calls to the next room, "Hey there ma whats you doing?" A little round, plump woman immediately appears and welcomes me cordially. I stare at her in amazement for I recognize in her Lillian Sill, another schoolmate. 'Twould seem that Day's persistent rival had at last won. On the wall in front of me hangs a picture of a man in uniform. My hostess finding me looking at it volunteers the information that the gentleman is Colonel Day now serving in the Philippines, an old friend of her and her husband. During supper I am informed that there is to be a meeting that evening of the community who are interested in woman's suffrage. A speaker is expected from the city. While we are yet at the table my host, after glancing from the window, exclaims, "Well if there doesn't come that old maid Loucks or the maiden lady Loucks as she calls herself." The caller soon walks in without knocking and informs us that she has come to offer her services, "although," she adds, "there probably won't be anyone here for its going to rain." I started to make a slight protest against the possibility of it's raining but she cuts in with—"now you needn't argue; I know I'm right." Things were soon set in order and I sought a seat near the maiden lady to await developments. They soon begin to come. First appears a stately lady with gray hair. "That" my neighbor informs me "is Miss Smith the village schoolma'm. She has been with us nigh upon fifteen years." Several minutes pass, then a dignified, portly personage with his hands in his coat tails enters the room. "That gentleman" volunteers the maiden lady proudly, "is our Methodist minister, the Reverend L. A. Guyett. I've heard say that he was a doctor before he took up the profession of preaching." Suddenly there is a commotion at the door and a fashionably dressed person walks in, or I might say rushes in. "That is Miss Learned Ph. D. I hear she is teaching Physics at Mexico Academy." By this time the room had rapidly filled. My attention is drawn to a lady who has stopped in front of me. She is dressed in plain black. Her hair is drawn back and done in a psyche effect. Her face is sad and pensive. She is our returned missionary from the Sandwich Islands. I hear my neighbor say, "after a narrow escape from the cannibals she has returned to this country to recuperate. Perhaps you have heard of her, Miss Ulery."

Everyone by this time seems to have arrived. There is a slight stir near the front as a woman goes to the organ and begins to play. I try to get a better view of her. "Is not that lady playing, Bessie Hager?" I inquire of my informant. "Yes," is the reply, "She now

plays in St. Paul's Cathedral, New York City." So this was our class musician. I lean back and listen intently. She is playing "Heaven's Artillery." My foot unconsciously beats time to her music as it has done on many another occasion. But the speaker has evidently arrived for the Rev. L. A. Guyett steps to the front. "We are honored this evening," he began in his high squeaky "voice," in having with us Miss—, at this point someone coughs—"of Elmira College who will now address us." I turn rather wearily toward the speaker and then I suddenly sit up very straight. This is my first sight of her. She is short and stout. Her hair, which is rather "sandy," is drawn tightly back and done in a little knot in her neck. She is dressed in dark grey with a small felt hat to match. Her general appearance gives the impression of great wisdom and experience. Her voice is commanding and I feel that she understands her subject which she announces as "The Monroe Doctrine Interpreted by a Woman Voter." I fairly gasp for she has confirmed my suspicions it is Bertha Kessler. I hear nothing of her speech for I am back to an American History Class in M. H. S. In imagination I see the speaker, perhaps a little less stout and certainly several years younger, expounding the same subject which she has announced tonight. Through habit I half rise to my feet to contradict what she is saying, when suddenly the room seems to be disappearing. Faintly as though through a great distance, I hear the voice of the speaker "in accents sad and prophetic" say, "I shudder to think what would have become of our country if"—but the little room had been left behind. I am standing with a great crowd around a high platform decorated with stars and stripes. Suddenly there is a mighty shout of—"Three cheers for President Hollister, long live the President of the U. S." Hoyt is now giving his own inaugural address and not repeating Lincoln's. I wander from the crowd. Across the sidewalk hangs a sign which reads—"Fancy Hair Dresser—Evangeline Fairchilds." I turn to enter the door but stop and stare in amazement. Before me is a billboard and this is what I read—"N. Halligan—County Judge, Surrogates Office. L. Pontius—Private lessons in singing and elocution. M. Smith—Artist—Specialty—Billboard Posters." Four old maids all congregated in one building. What a sad ending some of my friends had come to.

But faintly floats to me the sound of voices. I turn to walk away but suddenly feel myself falling down, down until I strike something hard. I sit up and look around. Behind me is the tree,

the squirrel has long since disappeared. The sun is low on the horizon. It has all been a dream. But again I hear voices and looking up the road I see two rather curious appearing persons coming. One is tall and extremely large. Over his shoulder he carries a stick and on the end of it dangles a bundle tied up in a red cotton handkerchief. The other is even more ludicrous looking than his companion. One half of his clothes are red and the other half yellow. His face is streaked with paint. They see me as they come opposite the tree and stop and the big one says "please ma'm we have lost our way and have no money, couldn't you give us a little." I would think him rather frightened, judging from his hair for 'twas in the position known as "standing on end." His companion does not wait for me to answer but shoving his hands into his pockets, makes me a deep bow and says, "Ahem! ahem! allow us to introduce ourselves. Ahem! this is Count Toscellneli, traveling as the fatman in Barnum and Bailey's Circus, better known as Wad Loucks. As for myself I'm Peter Tumbledown, a clown in the same show, otherwise known as Bill Davis." I give the money and think sadly as I watch them disappear that all the rest has been a dream but this is indeed a reality.

INA B. STONE



Class Will

TO ALL THOSE INTERESTED IN THE CLASS OF 1912:

AS the time for our departure from Mexico Academy and High School draws near, we feel it to be fitting and proper for us to dispose of our property in the following manner, that the thoughts of the class of 1912 who have striven so earnestly to bring honor on dear old Mexico High School may remain fresh in your memory.

We, the class of 1912, of Mexico Academy and High School, town of Mexico, county of Oswego and state of New York, being of exceptionally sound mind and body, do make, publish, ordain and declare this to be the last Will and Testament made by us, and dispose of our property in the following manner:

First—We extend to the Faculty and Board of Education our sincere thanks for their kindness to us during our high school course.

Second—To the class of 1911 we return this penny which we do not need as we have not yet reached the point of starvation where we would be obliged to use it.

Third—To the Juniors we give two cents as we believe that they will need it. We also give them the right to occupy our places in high school, although we feel confident that they cannot fill them as acceptably as we have done.

To Mr. Shepard and Miss Dunn, we extend our best wishes for success in their new fields of labor.

To Hayden Whitney, we give a vote of thanks for his musical services so willingly rendered during the past year.

To Ida Kessler, we give an apple because of her fondness for them.

To John Wangler, we give a book known as "Rules of the Senate" in order that he may make a good United States Senator.

To the Basket Ball Team, we give a mileage book in order that it will not be necessary for one of the members to accept mileage from a young lady.

To Sadie Loveland, we give references in order that she may secure a position as "talker" for the Edison Phonograph. No doubt she will fulfill all requirements.

To Rowena Kingsbury and Gerald Ludington, we give permission to translate Cicero together next year.

To Ross Miller and Mae Byington, we give a copy of the music,
"Just You and I."

To Virginia Brewer, we give a fashion plate.

To Calvin Houghton, we give the "mittens."

To Ariel Whitney, we give some Parker House Rolls.

To Mae Byington, we give a looking glass to save her trips to the
girl's room.

To Charlotte Skinner, we give "Hints on Tailoring" in order that
she may make a good tailor (Taylor).

To Bessie Learned, we give a package of Davis Baking Powder.

To Chauncey Harvey, we give permission to heat Mexico High
School with his supply of "hot air."

To Margaret Skinner, we give two cents to start a bank account
in order that she may write to Gay every day.

To Leona Kingsbury, we give some sealing wax to fasten her
glasses on.

To Theodore Mellon, we give a position in a minstrel show.

To Jimmie Mulloy, we give a "Stone."

To all present, we give a most cordial invitation to our Com-
mencement Exercises.

Likewise we make, constitute and appoint Mary Radway of Mex-
ico, N. Y., and Fred Jones of Mungers Corners, N. Y., to be sole
executors of this our Last Will and Testament.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names and
affixed our seals, this twenty-fourth day of June, in the year of our
Lord one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

Signed:

CLASS OF 1912

GERTRUDE H. LOUCKS

Witnesses:

VIRGINIA BREWER

WILLARD TAYLOR

Presentations

To "Doc" Guyett, we give a bottle of sugar pills to help him in his later profession.

To Mildred Smith, we give a stick of Candy(ee).

To Grace Holly, we give a pass card to Cicero.

To Gurley Davis, we give a nerve tonic.

To Myrtis Smith, we give some common cents (sense).

To Ina Stone, we give a bunch of "Holly."

To Hoyt Hollister, we give "Reveries of a Bachelor."

To Lillian Sill, we give a copy of the music, "Good bye Sweet Day."

To Grace Ulery, we give a new kind of perfume.

To Harold Day, we give a marriage license.

To Nellie Halligan, we give permission to flirt with the class president.

To Bessie Hager, we give "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with special reference to Topsy.

To Anna DeLong, we give a can of oil to use at midnight.

To Ward Loucks, we give an application as manager of the basket-ball team next year, as we do not know how Mexico can have a basket-ball team without him.

To Vera Graves, we give permission to attend church every night.

To Lottie Pontius, we give a copy of the music, "Dreams, Just Dreams."

To Bertha Kessler, we give a ticket from Elmira to Cornell.

To Margaret Becker, we give a bow (beau).

To Evangeline Fairchild, we give permission to conduct beauty queries in the Mexico Independent.

To Blanche Learned, we give a "Branch."

Reading of Seniors' Palms

BECKER, MARGARET O.—Your pride is outdone only by your imagination. You desire friends but hesitate to make first advances. However, I see the record of at least three remarkable friendships. You have had many heart affairs--mostly in your imagination, however.

DAY, HAROLD M.—A strong headline tending toward Mathematics; you have a special capacity for swinging bluffs. The heart-line, deep and steady, shows a capacity for constant affection.

DAVIS, WM. G.—Your thumb is both logical and argumentative. Fingertips and long little finger indicate unusual power of leadership and diplomacy. Very active hands with a tendency to constant motion; generally found in pockets or under elbows; heart line wandering.

DELONG, ANNA—You are one of the quiet people with whom we do not easily become acquainted, but whose influence is continually felt. Your headline is splendid and you have a delightful sense of humor. Some day you will astonish people by discovering the hero of your dreams.

FAIRCHILD, EVANGELINE E.—An aristocratic hand. You would make an excellent actress. Have you not done some dramatic work? Your heart line shows an erratic course. You receive acute impressions and form violent attachments.

GUYETT, LEO A.—Your hand shows executive ability. The thumb indicates a logical mind and ability in oratory. Your heart line shows that there is something of interest which you have been able to conceal until recently.

GRAVES, VERA M.—The fingers of an artist, but the headline shows that temperament has not overcome scholarship. Your future is marked with great success and the heart line shows a happy culmination.

HAGER, BESSIE M.—A pianist by the cut of your hand and the tips of your fingers. A delightfully sprightly individual with an imagination to match. Your heart line indicates that there will never be but the One Man for you. From appearances I doubt if you have yet met him.

HALLIGAN, NELLIE—An arist's hand, tending toward the pointed fingers of a believer in the occult sciences. You possess a keen sense

of humor and a capacity for attention to the finest details. There is also evidence of a fine domestic interest.

HOLLISTER, F. HOYT—You excel in the exact sciences and show mechanical genius. You also have a musical tendency. Yours is a most astonishing heart-line; you are evidently not a person who is easily impressed by feminine charms, but there is a remarkably sure sign that unless you devote your whole life to one aim to the exclusion of all else that you will some day devote your whole self to following the commands of the One Woman.

HOLLY, GRACE E.—A very smooth palm; you evidently do not express every emotion. From the mount of Saturn I should judge that you were given to fits of the "blues;" but live in hopes. I see a serious break in the heart-line.

KESSLER, BERTHA E.—The rare line of Mars indicates that yours is an energetic nature; you take violent likes and dislikes and are never happier than when in an argument. Your friends have been many. The color of your heart-line seems to show an interest in Cornell.

LOUCKS, GERTRUDE H.—Here we have a very positive hand; you are probably not a lover of art or music although you are capable of good work along both lines. Indications of gifts in logic and lead me to believe that some profession may counter-balance the heart-line.

LOUCKS, WARD G.—A person who would be much interested in athletics. Your conversational powers, however, are not limited by having a propensity for soaring to amazing heights on occasions. The "cross of battle" is strongly marked in your character and action.

LEARNED, BLANCHE L.—A hand that denotes ability along many lines. You are quite in your element when a great number of things must be done at apparently one and the same time; a remarkably capable person. Your heart-line begins to show excitement.

PONTIUS, LOTTIE B.—A true artist, with "visionary" tendencies; your head-line has the downward sweep of a true dreamer. Your fingers however, redeem this failing by vouching a capacity for portraying your visions.

SILL, LILLIAN M.—The most noticeable line in your hand is the heart-line with its unusual sister line indicating the dominence of the affections. At present you seem inclined to many interests but some day these are all going to culminate in one big affair. Take warning for you have the decision as to whether it shall be for joy or sorrow.

SMITH, MILDRED C.—You are a dainty, little lady, somewhat given to a liking for gentlemen friends, pretty dresses and lying in bed of a morning. The heart-line shows all manner of variations.

SMITH, MYRTIS S.—Very few people really ever know you as you have as many moods as lines in your palm; there is always a brand new one developing. You have true artist's fingers but possess another gift also; you would make a convulsing humorist. Your heart-line is baffling even to an expert.

STONE, INA B.—Yours is a splendid head-line. Few can surpass you in logic. Your fingers also indicate executive ability for which you will someday be noted. Your career as a heart breaker has already begun, I see.

ULERY, GRACE H.—Your palm is too smooth to admit of any great worry over your own personal affairs. You possess that fortunate combination of diplomacy and regard for others which attracts many friends. Your heart-line indicates a probable great affair; you will marry either a great social leader or a missionary to the South Sea Islands. In the latter capacity your fine qualities would add much to the success of your husband's labor.



Men of Mexico in the Civil War

The morning sun rose in splendor,
That beautiful bright spring day;
But a cloud enveloped our nation,
And threatened to sweep us away.

'Tis fifty-one years since it happened,
Since the awful war began,
When our country stood divided,
And a divided house cannot stand.

"To save our Union," cried the Northerners,
"To keep our slaves," pled the South;
While everywhere our country was rising,
Like a lion with wide-opened mouth.

Nestled down in a valley,
Of the good old Empire State,
A little town saw its parents,
Marching to a cruel fate.

'Twas only a pebble in the building
That was becoming so noble and grand;
Yet the great Master Builder knoweth
The worth of each grain of sand.

People, there lived in this valley,
Some, not very good you may say;
Yet He who watcheth the lilies,
Loves everyone o'er life's way.

In turn, these men loved their country,
And fervently loved the right;
So up in an instant they started,
The wrong and evil to fight.

The cry for volunteers stirred them,
"To arms, to arms, your ways trend!
The God of battles is your God;
He will his people defend."

Darkness ended the conflict,
The Eighty-first lay on its arms;
And the following day they buried
Comrades away from all storms.

Onward, onward marched the soldiers,
Raid after raid was made;
For three years more they enlisted—their life
On the altar of their country laid.

A thirty days' furlough refreshed them,
They returned to their task once more;
In the twelve days' fight at Cold Harbor,
Wide open was thrown death's door.

With a sickening dread we remember
The slaughter of that June day,
For from many homes in Oswego
Had gone forever away.

Only one-third answered at roll call,
And they now expected rest;
Yet onward were marched to Petersburg,
Where they played their piece at its best.

The first to plant its banner
On the enemy's works that day
At Fort Harrison, was the Eighty-first Regiment,
Of Oswego,—in the thick of the fray.

The first of our infantry to enter
The capital of the Confederate State,
Was this same old veteran straggler,
With a heart throb for any fate.

They were given a stand of colors
For their gallant services done;
And in the summer of '65,
The war cry to peace did come.

"Six Hundred Thousand more," cried Lincoln,
And in August of '62,
Little John passed through our country
With fiery eloquence to woo.

The artisan left his work-bench
The farmer his ripened field;
On the sacred banner of their country,
To enroll their names in steel.

In this second year of the conflict,
Our One Hundred and Tenth band went,
Which won in the great naval battle
Of Port Hudson,—ah! what it meant.

Our One Hundred Forty-seventh grasped the anvil,
At Chancellorsville hard it fell;
Yet louder still rang it echoes,
The Gettysburg story to tell.

Spotsylvania, the Wilderness and Petersburg
Come next at this trying time;
While nine other battles with marches
Add wealth of glory sublime.

Then, the Confederates surrendered,
Our forces mustered out,—a star;
Yet all they were offered by one railroad
Was a dirty old box car.

These heroes received warm greetings
From the people of many a town;
And at last in their own native city,
Bright laurels encircled their crown.

From eight hundred forty-seven enlisted,
Only one hundred forty-seven returned,
To tell of the awful hardships,
And the victories which they had earned.

Bravely, they shouldered their muskets,
 Sadly, they said good-byes;
For these true soldier-boys were leaving
 Their homes, at the risk of their lives.

And they were not enemies, comrades,
 They were brothers, good and strong,
Though they fought and wrangled together,
 In a quarrel, so cruel and long.

Our God was the God of the Southerners,
 They too implored his aid;
And to each true heart He whispered,
 “Trust God; nor be afraid.”

No part of the Empire State, listener,
 More patriotism ever showed forth,
Than the little county of Oswego,
 Which claimed that town in the North.

Fast o'er the wires flashed the lightening,
 Lincoln called for volunteers;
And an assembly was held in the city,
 On the sixteenth of April, midst cheers.

This was our first war meeting,
 Recruiting was quickly begun,
The companies of the Twenty-fourth Regiment,
 Were mustered in '61.

While some were erecting the barracks
 At Elmira, that famous station,
This band of soldiers were quartered
 In a barrel-factory—their ration!

Then in the school of the soldier,
 With muskets and bayonets fixed,
Through the rebellious city of Washington,
 Marched this infantry, unperplexed.

The battle of Bull Run followed,
Alas, for that bloody field!
While our first Oswego Regiment,
Seemed never ready to yield.

At Falmouth, they routed the enemy,
And most warmly were they received,
By the poor colored people exclaiming,
“Bres de Lord! Bres de Lord! Here ye isd.”

The flag of this Twenty-fourth Regiment,
The glorious inscription doth bear,
Of eleven great bloody battles,
Where the “Iron Brigade” did dare.

Falmouth, Sulphur Springs, Rappahannock,
Gainesville, Groveton, South Mountain,
Manassas, Antietam, and two Fredericksburgs,
With Chancellorsville make eleven.

Two years later, they were mustered
Out of the United States Service,
And went home to loved ones waiting,
The return of the soldiers of justice.

Again the battle call sounded,
And in September of old '61,
The Eighty-first Regiment entered
The conflict now raging on.

The result of the battle of Bull Run
Had brought enthusiasm to the Grey,
And to the heart of the blue-coated soldier,
A determination to win alway.

At Seven Pines, there fell downward
The Eighty-first's baptism of fire;
Maneuvers and bravery saved them
From a catastrophe cruel and dire.

At Oswego, they were tendered a banquet
By our daughters, so blithe and fair,
And these "battle scarred veterans" accepted
The service, with genial air.

In other parts of our army
Were other of our boys in blue
While at home toiled women and children
In a cause so noble and true.

The story of these several companies
Out on the field of strife,
Is the tale of our Mexico warriors
And their neighbors, for freedom of life.

Two hundred and forty of these comrades,
Came from our own dear town,
Which so beautifully played its portion
In the concert for the crown.

Marching with clothing frozen,
Or toiling through mud and mire,
Or deathly sick, or starving,
Facing a raging fire.

We had won in the awful wrestle,
But oh! how sad to think
Of the widows and fatherless children
With the bitter dregs to drink.

Returning, maimed and wounded
Were some of our fellowmen,
But many of our much loved comrades
Never came back again.

For some of the returners, there has broken
The silver thread well spun;
And over in the grave-yard yonder
Rest their forms from the glare of the sun.

Some have been spared yet longer,
These sorrows of life to share,
And to taste a little of the sweetness
That comes in this world of care.

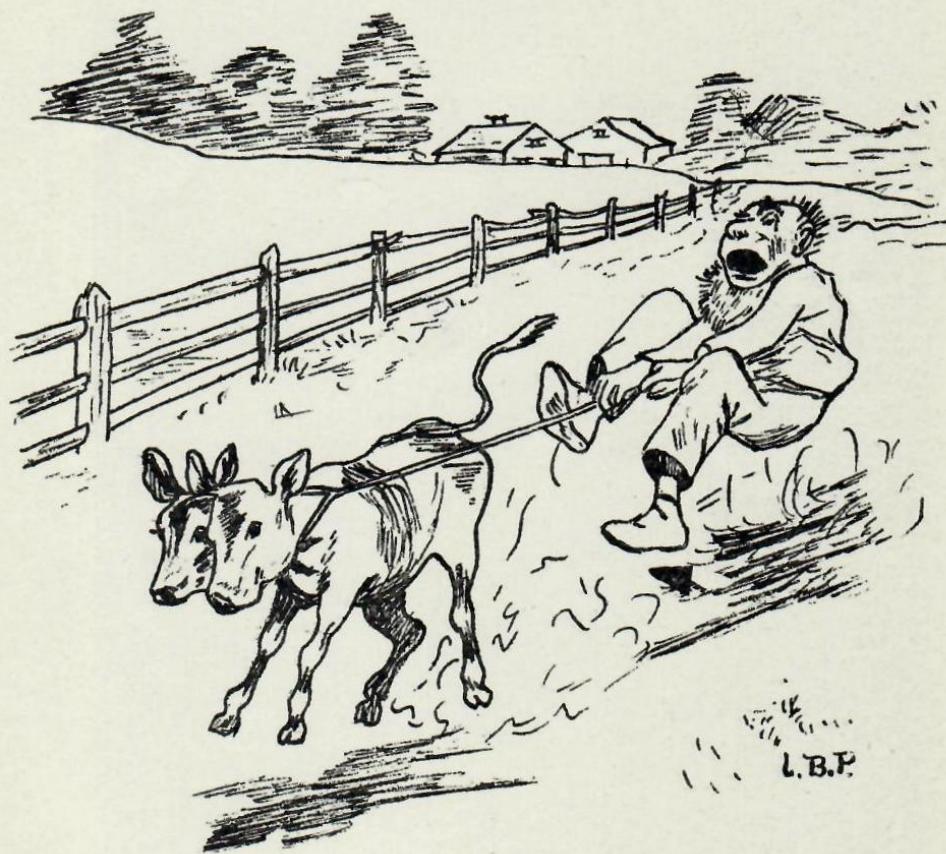
The best that we can do, brothers,
Their memory to dedicate,
Is to trust God, serve our comrades,
And with love, a laurel make.

And oh! what a glad reunion
When all have crossed the bar,
And those who love their fellowmen,
The chorus swell afar.

ANNA E. DELONG



Juniors



Their Curiosity Runs away
with them.



Upper Row: Charles Mowry, Ross Miller, Charles Dolph, Chauncey Harvey, Calvin Houghton,
Roy DeLong, Hazel Gass, Minnie Henderson.

Lower Row: Lizzie Tourot, Lena Gray, Margaret Skinner, Ariel Whitney, Eliza Emery,
Ellen Hart, Leta Tremaine, Rowena Kingsbury.

Junior Officers

President	Ariel Whitney
Vice President.....	Margaret Skinner
Secretary and Treasurer	Ellen Hart
Business Manager.....	Roy DeLong
Historian	Eliza Emery
Editor.....	Gerald Ludington
Assistant Editors.....	{ Margaret Skinner Rowena Kingsbury

CLASS ROLL

ROY DELONG	CALVIN HOUGHTON
CHARLES DOLPH	ROWENA KINGSBURY
ELIZA EMERY	GERALD LUDINGTON
HAZEL GASS	ROSS MILLER
LENA GRAY	CHARLES MOWRY
ERNEST HARRINGTON	MARGARET SKINNER
ELLEN HART	LETA TREMAINE
MINNIE HENDERSON	LIZZIE TOUROT
ARIEL WHITNEY	

Junior History

FOR three long years our class has been toiling on, under the same colors, with the same motto. Our history this year has been one of work, not of words, and so for the most part, it must remain. As a class, we have confined ourselves to our studies, neglecting the usual social pleasures. Yet our sociability has not suffered from this, as a certain timid stranger so heartily welcomed from another class, gratefully wishes to testify. That we have attended strictly to business, our record shows.

On September 11, 1911, a meeting was called to order by our former president, Mr. Ludington, and the following officers were elected. President, Jesse Jordan; Vice President, Ariel Whitney; Secretary-Treasurer, Ellen Hart; Business Manager, Roy DeLong; Editor, Eliza Emery; Assistant Editor, Gerald Ludington.

On December sixth, we assembled for the election of a new president as that officer, to our regret, had left us. However we had found our vice president so efficient that we insisted on electing her to fill the office, while Miss Skinner was chosen to take her place.

On January twenty-ninth, our class assembled again for the purpose of electing an officer to fill a vacancy, as our editor was absent on account of illness. Mr. Ludington was elected editor and Misses Skinner and Kingsbury, assistants.

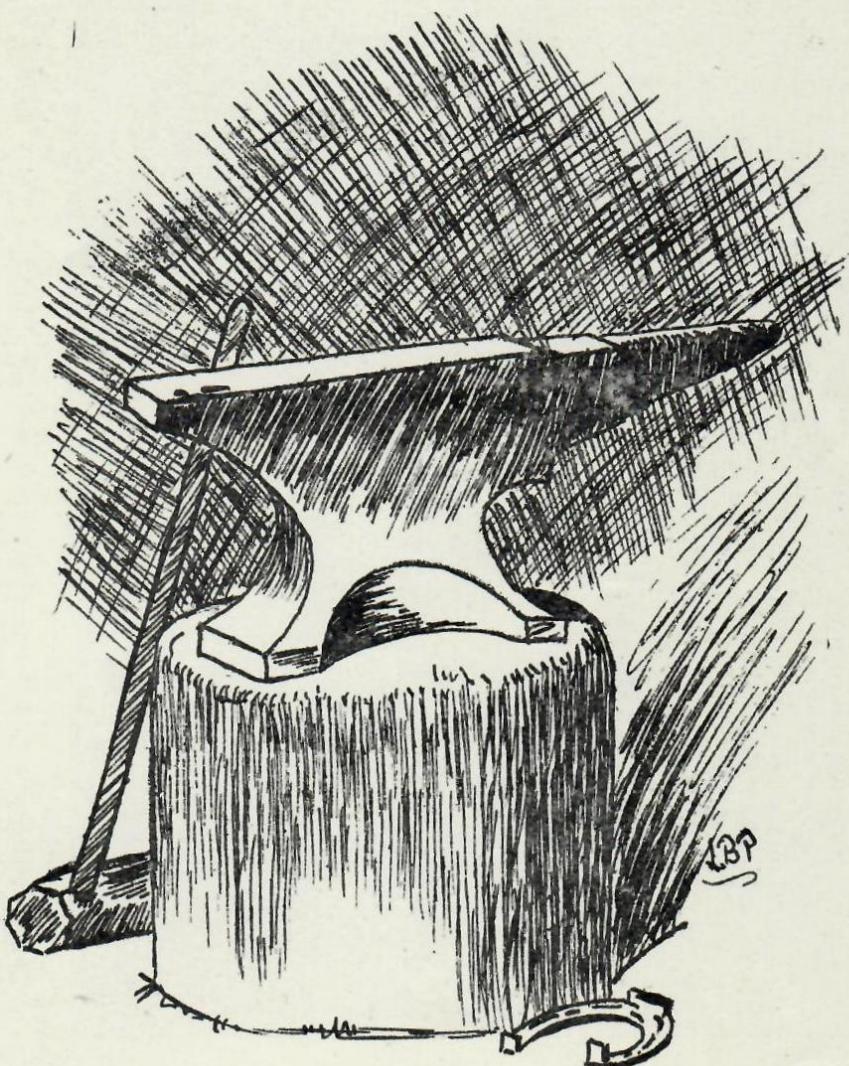
Our class play on March first, was an entire success both in the rendering and in the receipts which amounted to over fifty dollars.

On April eighteenth, a business meeting was convened and our Class Historian was elected.

And now a few words in conclusion. The pink rose has ever been our emblem and as the rose is a queen among flowers, so is our class a queen among classes. Although the rocks have indeed been rugged, we have lived up to our motto and expect to go on climbing unto the end.

ELIZA EMERY '13

Sophomores



Something Hard to Beat.



Upper Row: Ludington, Mahar, McLymond, Smithers, Lindsley, Smith, Parker, Evans,
Mellon, Whitney, Bellinger, Armstrong.

Middle Row: Downes, Byington, Parsons, Boigeol, Coe, DeLong, Rowe, Loveland, Gardner.
Lower Row: Hubbard, Kessler, Learned, Maybie, Lawrence, Vincent, Gaylord, Riedell.

Sophomore Officers

President.....	Joseph Maybie
Vice President.....	Bessie Learned
Secretary and Treasurer.....	Alberta Vincent
Business Manager.....	Ida Kessler
Historian.....	Margaret Lawrence

COLORS: Purple and Gold

FLOWER: Pansy

MOTTO: "Success is the Reward of Labor."

CLASS ROLL

LEONARD ARMSTRONG	GRANT LINDSLEY
LILA BELLINGER	SADIE LOVELAND
MAYBELLE BOIGEOL	VIVIAN LUDINGTON
MAY BYINGTON	KATHLEEN MAHAR
BLANCHE DELONG	JOSEPH MAYBIE
MARION DOWNES	RUTH McLYMOND
EARL EVANS	THEODORE MELLON
ELVENA GARDNER	EARL PARKER
LAURA GAYLORD	HAZEL REIDELL
MABEL HUBBARD	ELEANOR ROWE
GEORGE HUNTLEY	HOLLAND SMITH
IDA KESSLER	HOWARD SMITHERS
BESSIE LEARNED	ALBERTA VINCENT
MARGARET LAWRENCE	HAYDEN WHITNEY

Sophomore History

THE sixth day of September, in the year 1911, as Sophomores, twenty-nine in number, we entered on our second year in the Mexico High School. Being better acquainted with our schoolmates and with the rules of the school we were more at home than the year before; that "cat-in-a-strange-garret" feeling we had as Freshmen had left us and from the first day we began our work in earnest.

February thirteenth we reorganized electing the following officers: President, Noah A. Jenkins; Vice President, Bessie M. Learned; Secretary-Treasurer, Alberta M. Vincent; Business Manager, Joseph H. Maybie; Historian, Margaret L. Lawrence. We decided to keep the same colors, purple and gold waving o'er us. The language of flowers says, "Pansies for Thoughts," so we chose the pansy for our class flower, hoping thereby to express, in some small measure, an attitude of thoughtfulness toward our schoolmates and our work.

Early in the year we were deprived of our capable president. Happily not by accident or death. Someone had become aware of the fact that he possessed unusual business ability, and he was called to fill a responsible position in the business world. The Sophomores bade him farewell with regret, but wishing him success. At a meeting held January seventeenth the class elected in his place as president, Joseph H. Maybie, and Business Manager, Ida A. Kessler, both of whom have proved faithful in their duty.

Our class has diminished in number. Some, not realizing the importance of a school education have left to learn other things. Others have failed to make good in "exams." and becoming discouraged have left school. Those who remained, knowing that strength does not lie in number and that quality not quantity is best for the reputation of a class, have tried hard to bear in mind that "Success is the Reward of Labor," the motto we are striving to prove. We have found that increase in age and honor has also meant increase of work, that added responsibility brings added care. Our lessons have been more difficult and so we have put forth greater effort always striving to remember our royal colors and our motto.

To be sure, our class has had its ups and *Down(e)s* but a certain *Gay(lord)* has done much to make us forget our trials. For a pleasure trip we shall all *Row(e)* to *Loveland* some day. We depend on our *Gardner* to keep us supplied with *Mellon*, the favorite fruit of the class. We are never without spiritual advice, our *Parson(s)* always near. *Maybie Armstrong* has something to do with the strength of our class and as we have many *Learned* people the class will prove successful.

MARGARET LLOYD LAWRENCE '14





Upper Row: Wangler, Taylor, Branch, Parsons, Craner, Dowd, Jones, Pettingill, Gilson, Stewart, Coe.
Second Row: Larkin, Clarey, Tackley, Boigeol, Marsden, Farmer, Ripsom, Jones, King, Adams, Hanson,
Flowers, Ferguson, Love.
Third Row: Denny, Gaines, Gardiner.
Fourth Row: Radway, White, Skinner, Fults, Burdick, Carr, Switzer, Graves, Stone.
Lower Row: Everleigh, Diehl, Anderson.

Freshman Officers

President.....	Harold Fultz
Vice President.....	Charlotte Skinner
Secretary.....	Ruth Hotchkiss
Treasurer.....	Hugh Carr
Historian.....	Eldyn Graves

CLASS ROLL

AVON ADAMS	ELDYN GRAVES
CLARK ANDERSON	MABEL HANSON
ANNA BOIGEOL	PERCY HOTALING
HUGH BRANCH	RUTH HOTCHKISS
VIRGINIA BREWER	FRED JONES
WALTER BURDICK	MARIE JONES
ANITA BURNAP	GLADYS KING
HUGH CARR	MARY LARKIN
GERTRUDE CLAREY	ARTHUR LOVE
FRED COE	JAMES MALLOY
WARD CRANER	GRACE MARSDEN
LLOYD DENNY	VICTOR PARSONS
HAZEL DIEHL	HAYWARD PETTINGILL
GEORGE DOWD	MARY RADWAY
MABEL EVERLEIGH	NINA RIPSOM
ROSE FARMER	CHARLOTTE SKINNER
BLANCHE FLOWERS	GAROLD STEWART
HOWARD FULTZ	SHIRLEY STONE
MINNIE FURGESON	LUTMILLA SWITZER
TOM GAINES	HAZEL TACKLEY
LOUISE GARDINER	WILLARD TAYLOR
HAROLD GILSON	JOHN WANGLER
ANNA WHITE	

Freshman History

THREE are forty-four members of the Freshman Class. While our numbers are unusually large we still have quality as well as quantity. If that old saying be true, "Great things from little beginnings grow," who can foretell the future of our class in the three more years to come?

We organized September 13, 1911, and elected officers. Our next meeting was held in the Chapel, January 14, 1912. Mr. Wilmot suggested that we pick up the waste papers and thus not follow the bad example set us by the upper classes in their meetings. A few of the Sophomores tried to be disagreeable but our formidable aspect soon drove them to retreat.

We held several other meetings but nothing of much importance occurred.

ELDYN GRAVES '15



Glee Club

MANAGERS: { Jesse Jordan
Ina B. Stone

SECRETARY: Margaret O. Becker

WITH the beginning of the new school year, the old interest in the Glee Club and its work revived. With numerous additions both from the members of the Freshman class and others, the Club has grown, advanced and prospered. Under the capable leadership of Mrs. Wilmot, the organization gradually took form and in the fall months, began the actual musical work for the year. The charge of the music for the chapel exercises was given into the hands of the officers of the club, and in this way the organization was brought into closer touch with the actual school work.

On March 1, 1912, the club gave its annual concert. Larger in numbers and attempting more difficult music than last year, the members felt that a decided improvement had been effected over previous work. Financially, the organization has proved a decided success, having added something over one hundred dollars to the school library fund within the past two years.

A large share of praise is due the musical instructor and to her, the members of the club wish to express their deep appreciation of her work with and for them.

Program

PART ONE

Piano Duet—"Qui Vive"	Ganz
Ariel Whitney and Hayden Whitney	
Oh, Mexico, Dear Mexico	Adapted from Heidleburg
Glee Club	
The Dance of the Fairies	Gregh
Glee Club	
De Coppah Moon	Harry Rowe Shelley
Misses R. Kingsbury, Learned, Becker, Lawrence, Graves, Henderson. Obligato—Mr. Mellon	

Dramatic Reading—“The Rivals”—Scene II.	Act I.	Sheridan
CHARACTERS		
Mrs. Malaprop	-	Bertha Kessler
Sir Anthony Absolute	-	Chauncey Harvey
Lydia Languish—Niece to Mrs. Malaprop	-	Evangeline Fairchild
Lucy—Lydia's Maid	-	Grace Ulery
Gypsy Life	-	Robert Schumann
	Glee Club	
'Vira—Southern Folk Style	-	Riker
	Glee Club	
The Evening Wind	-	Saint-Saens
Arr. from the Opera—“Samson and Delilah.”		
Miss R. Kingsbury and Glee Club		
Violin Obligato—Miss Sampson		
Humorous Part Song—Where are you going to?	-	Caldicott
	Glee Club	
PART TWO		
Piano Duet —Robin's Return	-	Fisher
Ariel Whitney and Hayden Whitney		
Unison Song—Out on the Deep	-	Lohr
	Glee Club	
Part Song—“Uncle Dan”	-	Rowe
Misses Kingsbury, Learned, Becker, Lawrence, Graves, Henderson		
O Hush Thee	-	Sir Arthur Sullivan
Poem from Tennyson's—“The Princess.”		
	Glee Club	
Quartette—In the Time of Roses (1778)	-	Reichardt
Misses R. Kingsbury, Becker, Mr. Mellon, Mr. Shepard		
Dramatic Reading— A Midnight's Summer Dream	-	Shakespeare
Act V		
“The Most Lamentable Tale of Pyramus and Thisbe.”		
CHARACTERS		
Prologue	-	Harold Day
Pyramus	-	Gerald Ludington
Thisbe	-	Ward Loucks
Wall	-	Charles Dolph
Lion	-	Joe Maybie
Moonshine	-	Earl Parker
Medley—Arr. for Club	-	
	Glee Club	
Good Night, Good Night, Beloved!	-	Pinsuti
	Words by Longfellow	
	Glee Club	
School Song	-	Shackelton
	Glee Club	

Dramatics

Senior

NOVEMBER 24, 1911 marks the beginning of the dramatic season in M. H. S. On that evening the Senior girls presented "A Virginia Heroine" to a large and appreciative audience. The southern love story kept up a fine interest and everyone was highly delighted with the production. Praise was heaped in large measure upon all the actresses, but especially did the audience seem to appreciate "Nora" and "Topsy."

Junior

The production of "Mr. Bob" by the Juniors on March 22, 1912 was a most delightful affair. A setting of stray cats and love-lorn servants added interest to the continuously deepening mystery about "Mr. Bob," culminating in a charming little romance. With the mystified "Mr. Brown" the audience felt that it was glad it "came down."

Glee Club

As a part of the program for the Glee Club Concert on March 1, 1912, four members of the club gave one scene from Sheridan's *The Rivals*. To hear "Sir Anthony" and "Mrs. Malaprop" was a liberal education and the admiring public only hoped that the fair "Lydia" and honest "Lucy" would live long enough to escape from "Mrs. Malaprop's" "intuition."

Basket Ball Team

Shakespeare in the Mexico Town Hall was a nine days wonder; especially Shakespeare in a portion of "A Mid-summer Night's Dream" as played by six members of the M. H. S. Basket-ball team at the Glee Club Concert. Surely never was the love of Pyramus and Thisbe more dramatically told than by "Little Indispensible" and the sweet and lovely "Big Center" while the "cruel wall" and more cruel "lion" separated the lovers and the "moon" was forced to weep in sympathy.

Twenty-fifth Prize Speaking Contest

Wednesday Evening, April 3, 1912, Washington Hall

PROGRAM

Music

Home Rule	-	-	Gladstone
	Ward Edward Barlow		
Regulus to the Carthaginians	-	-	Kellogg
	William Gurley Davis		
The Character of Washington	-	-	Everett
	Leo Alexander Guyett		
Music—Voices of the Woods	-	-	Rubinstein
Misses Kingsbury, Learned, Becker, Lawrence, Graves, Henderson			
Second Inaugural Address	-	-	Lincoln
	Frank Hoyt Hollister		
A Slave's Devotion	-	-	Adapted
	Bertha Elizabeth Kessler		
Gordon's Reprieve	-	-	Adapted
	Grace Elizabeth Holly		
Quartet—In the Time of Roses(1778)	-	-	Reichardt
Misses Kingsbury, Becker, Messrs. Mellon, Shepard			
Each in His Own Tongue	-	-	Montgomery
	Lottie Belle Pontius		
The Death Disc	-	-	Twain
	Vera May Graves		
Music by the High School Glee Club			

JUDGES: Dr. F. M. Harvey, Fernwood; Prin. L. M. Collins, Sandy Creek; Rev. W. T. Clemens, Parish.

First prize for Girls, Lottie Pontius; second prize, Bertha Kesler;
First prize for Boys, F. Hoyt Hollister; second prize, Leo Guyett.

Athletics

WITH the opening of school in the fall, interest in athletics turned first toward football. What promised to be a good team was rapidly rounding into shape when two accidents, one closely following the other, turned the sentiment of school and town against the game. Chauncey Harvey broke a wrist in practice and Harry Fish broke a leg while opposing the team with some other grade and high school boys.

Soon after this a meeting of the boys was held in the interest of basket-ball. Gay Osborn of last year's team was chosen captain and C. L. Shepard, manager of the 1911-12 team. Practice began about the middle of October and on November seventeenth the first game was played, with the second team of Oswego High School. The last game, that with Fulton High School at Mexico, was played March fifteenth.

In all, eleven games were played, M. H. S. winning six of them, and, excepting the two games with the unusually fast team of Sandy Creek High School, making good showings in those lost. Loucks' record of eighteen field baskets in the Oswego Center game will not be forgotten. Everyone felt elated over the defeat of the somewhat over-confident team of last year under the name of "Benson's Specials." The series of three games with the second team of Oswego High School was captured by Mexico. But perhaps the great victory of the season was that of the last game; over Fulton High School. The boys enjoyed two out-of-town trips and were well pleased with their treatment at both Fulton and Sandy Creek.

Early in January Captain Osborn resigned, as he was leaving school, and Gerald Ludington, the season's fast forward, was chosen to succeed him. Taken as a whole the season was a very successful one. Everyone on the team and off the team, supporters in the school and out of the school, seemed pleased with the showing made.

THE RECORD

Mexico H. S.,	15	Oswego H. S. (2nd team)	23
"	23	" Y. M. C. A.	30
"	60	" Center	12
"	32	M. H. S. (1910-11 team)	19
"	16	Sandy Creek H. S.	53
"	34	Oswego H. S. (2nd team)	13
"	32	" English Lutherans	25
"	22	Sandy Creek H. S.	102
"	38	Oswego H. S. (2nd team)	20
"	28	Fulton H. S.	38
"	30	"	15
	—		—
	330		350

C. L. S.





BASKET BALL TEAM: Loucks, Dolph, Parker, Day, Maybie, Ludington.

The Basket-Ball Team on their Northern Trip

ON February 2, 1912, we, the members of the Mexico High School basket-ball squad, accompanied by our manager and coach, started on our northern trip. We left Mexico on the 2:15 train amidst a large amount of advice which was hurled at us by the "hangars on" around the depot. When the conductor came around to collect fares, he anxiously asked who this bunch was, probably fearing for the property of the railroad or perhaps he thought it was part of P. T. Barnum's Menagerie.

When we arrived at the "backwoods" town of Sandy Creek, we were met by the manager of the Sandy Creek team who escorted us to a covered vehicle which was to carry us to the Thomas House. The sleigh contained three seats and there was but one passenger besides ourselves, a young lady of very prepossessing appearance. She occupied the middle seat and knowing Parker and Ludington to be very gallant young men, we allowed them to sit beside her. I cannot say that any of us envied them. When she started to get out of the sleigh all of our advice about their assisting her to alight, could not move them from their seats.

We arrived at the hotel and registered. We then started to look over the town, "taking our bearings" so as not to get lost. It did not take us long to see the place and we returned to the hotel where we enjoyed a chicken supper. We certainly showed we could eat even if we could do nothing else. After supper we started for the place of the conflict. As we went along the street we sang, "We're here because we're here," and other well known melodies.

We arrived at the scene of battle-to-be without any mishaps and looked over the battle field. And such a field! It was about ten feet square and lighted by two tallow candles. It was certainly a beautiful place surrounded by stygian darkness. We donned our orange striped jerseys and went out on the floor and "showed off" for about thirty minutes. At the blast of the whistle the teams took the floor, the Mexicans resolved to "do or die" and we must have died for we certainly didn't do much. From the first it was like the old man who could make shoes so fast he could keep a brass kettle near his bench ringing all the time, by throwing newly made shoes into it.

Only the backwoods boys shot baskets so fast they kept the basket ringing all the time.

Our coach who was refereeing, became so exhausted from blowing the whistle after each basket and when the ball was thrown up at center, that time had to be taken out for him to recuperate. Our manager who was score keeper, injured his wrist and required the services of a physician. After twenty minutes of this slaughter, we heard that we had obtained six points to our opponents fifty-six. We now returned to the side lines in order to tell each other that if they had done so and so, the score would have been different. After ten minutes of this we returned to the floor to witness a repetition of the first part of the game. When the final whistle blew, we were glad to seek the shelter of the dressing room. Donning our street clothes and led by our captain, who did not want to see any girl home as did no other member of the team, we started for the hotel, but we did not do any singing. Arriving there the landlord assured us we had done well. We knew it. We had sacrificed ourselves for the good of Sandy Creek. We went to bed and dreamed of playing other teams besides Sandy Creek, perhaps Oswego Center or Oswego High School whom we are always sure to beat. In the morning we got out of town as soon as possible and were invited to "come again." But Mexico High School has adopted this motto, "Stay away from Sandy Creek."

W. G. I. '12



Track Meet

May 31, 1912

1 Standing Broad Jump	Day	Harvey	DeLong	9-2
2 Standing Hop, Step & Jump	DeLong	Day	Harvey	25-8½
3 Shot Put	Parsons	DeLong	Miller	31-7¼
4 Running Hop, Step & Jump	Day	Dolph	Davis	36-5½
5 High Jump	Dolph	Harvey	Wangler	4-11
6 Pole Vault	DeLong	Dolph	Lindsley	7-8
7 Running Broad Jump	Day	Graves	Dolph	17-8
8 50-yds.	DeLong	Day	Taylor	6¾
9 100-yds.	Day	Wangler	DeLong	11¼
10 1 mile	Harvey	Wangler	Stewart	4-5½
11 220-yds.	Day	Love	Graves	25-4
12 440-yds.	Dolph	Davis	Loucks	1-2¾
13 Half-mile	Wangler	Harvey	Stewart	2-12¾
14 Relay	Freshmen	Seniors	- - -	4-18¼

Event	1912	1913	1914	1915
1	5	4		
2	3	6		
3		4		5
4	6	3		
5		8		1
6		8	1	
7	5	1		3
8	3	5		1
9	5	1		3
10		5		4
11	5			4
12	4	5		
13		3		6
14	3½			5½
	<hr/> 39½	<hr/> 53	<hr/> 1	<hr/> 32½
				Total 126

Alumni Department

Alumni Banquet

NOW it came to pass in the third year of Wilmot the Silent according to the custom of those days, there did come hither men and women from far and near for to feast together and to renew the friendship of ancient years. This goodly company was made up of those, who in days of old, had walked the classic halls of the Mexico Academy, and, loving it, had also loved each other. From the four winds came those who should feast together. Likewise the custom was that at such time as the clans of the classes did gather, the wisest men should arise and with words of folly conceal the wisdom of their tongues. But lo! in those days, they found but one man wise enough to play the fool, Averiskinner by name. He alone did dare to face the waiting concourse, and when he had finished a great silence did reign, for his words were wondrous in their wisdom.

But those of a merry heart did long for folly and soon a hired jester made merry for the banquet hall. The rafters rang with mirth and laughter. Although some dames did look askance at a hired jester and she, a woman, other hearts were filled with gladness.

But who shall tell of the wisdom or the folly that she spoke? For had not friend looked in the eyes of friend and comrade given his fellow a handclasp? And lo! is it not written for all to read in the chronicles of the Mexico independent.

GREETINGS FROM MEXICO ALUMNI

The old graduates of Mexico Academy always think of their School days with pleasure. The roll is now a long one and contains the names of many who have done valuable service for their fellow-men. May the future hold yet in store many good things for the old School now approaching the end of its first century.

HENRY ALLEN PECK

To the students and faculty of Mexico High School and Academy
Greetings:

Thirty years ago I graduated there. While methods have changed, I believe the teaching in the old Academy was good. I cherish the memory of my experience there and shall never forget the friendships of those days.

V. A. MOORE

Dear Editors of the Senior Annual of Mexico Academy and High School for 1912:

I send greetings to the old Academy and its daughters and sons. I am very proud of my alma mater—proud of the noble army of boys and girls it has sent out and I earnestly wish it a long life and continued usefulness.

Sincerely,

OLIVE EDDY ORCUTT, M. D.

National City, Calif.

Cornell College

It is a pleasure to be the mouthpiece of the Middle West for a word of Greeting to Mexico Academy, the Faculty, Board of Education and Student body. We would also remember the Alumni, those who caught their first great vision within its halls, who adorn every walk of life and are rendering a service to the world. The school has still an important place in the educational life of the community.

NICHOLAS KNIGHT
Mount Vernon, Iowa

Princeton University.

My dear Mexico Academy:

This, is just to tell you that I love you,—for the teachers and friends you gave me, for the good you taught me, and the aims you set before me.

It is a good thing to get a good start in life, and this was your gift to me.

Affectionately yours,

E. H. LOOMIS

Rhetoricals

EARLY in the year work was begun along rhetorical lines. The plan of having students from various classes or subject divisions furnish an occasional afternoon program, of about an hour in length, was adopted. In this way a large number of students from all four years of high school work have been given an opportunity of training in public speaking or reading.

On November 29, four members of the American History Class debated the following question before the school: Resolved That during the revolutionary period more efficient work was accomplished in the city halls than on the battle fields. Bertha Kessler and Margaret Becker supported the affirmative and W. G. Davis and Gay Osborn the negative. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

On the day of the closing of school for the holiday recess members from each of the five English Classes read the five "staves" of Dicken's "Christmas Carol." Those taking part, chosen by the members of their classes, were Ward Loucks, Ariel Whitney, Vivian Ludington, Charlotte Skinner and Mabel Everleigh.

The German Classes furnished the program for February 2. An afternoon reception or "Kaffee Klatsch" was represented, in German. Papers on the German Empire, German rulers, and German customs were read. Several German songs were sung by the school.

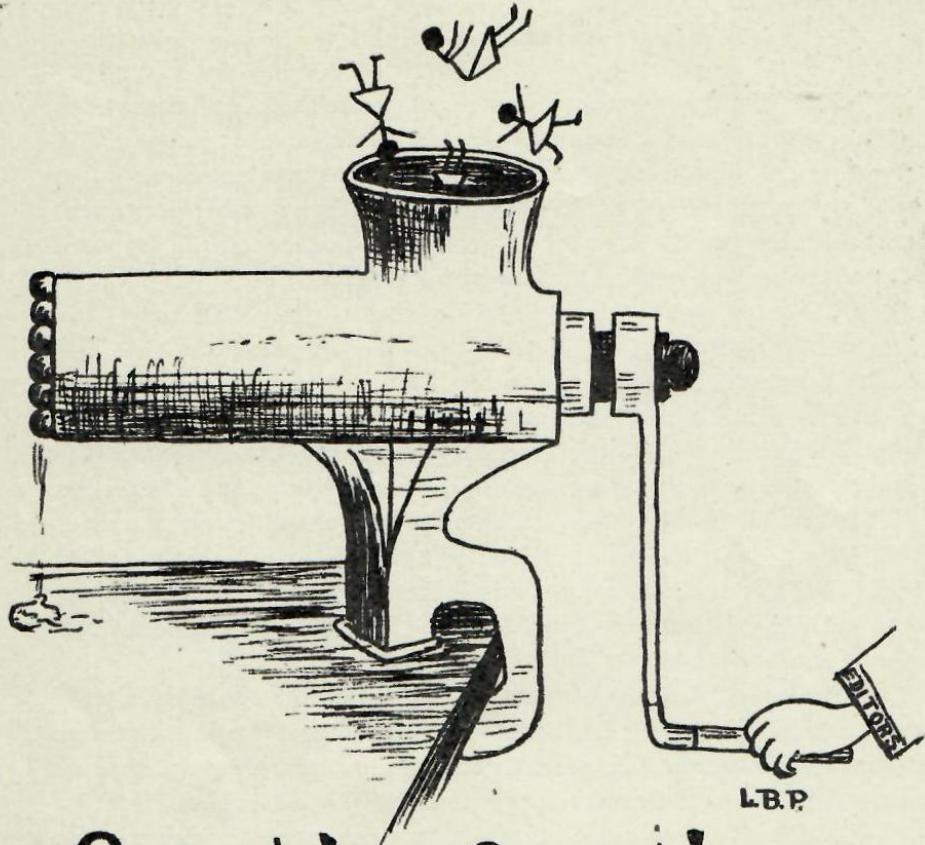
The Class in Physical Geography gave an interesting program on the afternoon of February 17. There were essays and recitations relative to that subject, together with songs suggestive of the natural.

Students from Mr. Wilmot's classes furnished the program on the day following the stormy Washington's birthday. Essays were read and recitations given in honor of Washington and Lincoln.

An appropriate Arbor Day program was given at 10:30 in the morning of that day by students from the Biology classes.

The final rhetoricals for the year were in charge of Miss Hungerford and Mr. Shepard and were held on May 31. Members of the French and English classes furnished a pleasing program.

C. L. S.



Grind! Grind!

Village:

“To her whose name falls ever sweet,
Upon the ear of each true son,
Whose glories now but prophesy
Still greater to be won.”

High School:

“Wheresoe'er my steps may tend,
And wheresoe'er my course shall end,
If in that hour a single tie
Survive of social sympathy,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look alone on you.”

Faculty:

"But those were pedants when compared with these,
Who know not only to instruct but please."

Mr. Wilmot:

"He taught us to hold
In loving reverence
Poor men and their work,
Great men and their work,
God and his work."

Mr. Shepard:

"He is never alone whose hourly companions are noble
thoughts."

Miss Hungerford:

"Whatever of goodness emanates from the soul gathers
its soft halo in thy eyes."

Miss Snell:

"Staid, sedate, serene and classic."

Miss Dunn:

"Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it."

Editors:

"We never dare to write as funny as we can."

Exam.

Doleful, dump the mind appears.

"Vergie":

"Thou art mild, too mild
I pray thee swear."

Joe Maybie:

"What roar is that?"

May Byington:

"I could live on love and coffee."

Mabel Everleigh:

"A scholar has no enemy."
Perhaps this accounts for Mabel's look of contentment.

Nellie Orton:

"A merry laugh
A joyous look
Gayest of the lasses
Weary sighs
Sleepy eyes
Nellie in her classes."

Eliza Emery:

Grind, grind, that's what the bells say,
Grind, grind, culture your mind.

Margaret Lawrence:

He put his arm around her neck
The pallor left her cheek
And stayed upon his overcoat
For pretty near a week.

Davis:

"Born on the opposite side of every argument."

Guyett:

"His calm and dignified manner would proclaim him a man of importance and a serious personage."

Gertrude Loucks:

"Stiff in opinions, always in the right."

Loucks:

"An elongated exposition of length."

Day:

"Harold crams in all the math
His dark head can hold,
Ram it in, cram it in,
Still there's more to follow,
Slam it in, jam it in,
All that he can swallow."

Spencer:

A man is either made or marred for life
By the use which he makes of his leisure time.

A MODEL HISTORY QUIZ

- I. Discuss intelligently the period between 44 B. C. and 1492 A. D., and draw three important inferences.
- II. Draw a map of Gaul locating all the most important vineyards and showing clearly the formation of the land in its bearing on the color of the vintage.
- III. Personify the Papacy, and having done so, compare its character with that of the most important ecclesiastic of the sixth century.
- IV. If Mohammed had died in infancy, state definitely what religion would have been accepted by those regions upon which he forced Mohammedanism.
- V. (a) If a Roman patrician insulted a neighbor, show step by step the legal action that would ensue.
(b) If a Roman plebian.
(c) If a Provincial.

- VI. (a) Introduce an early German into a modern drawing-room, and discuss his probable action, giving definite reasons for the same based upon your knowledge of the early tribal customs.
(b) An Angle.
(c) A Hun.

MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES

Grace Ulery:

“Multiplication is vexation
Division is as bad
The rule of three perplexes me
And Geometry drives me mad.”

Theodore Mellon:

“Theodore went to the school-house, over the hill,
And, if I’m not wrong, he goes there still.
He smiled at the teacher and made cute replies
And courted her, too, to our great surprise.”

Evangeline Fairchild:

As I was going down Main Street,
I met a pretty boy.
“Little boy, pretty boy, whither are you going?”
“I’m going a walking, kind maiden,” says he.
“Little boy, pretty boy, would you like to walk with me?”
“Thank you kindly, maiden dear, yes I would,” said he.

Chauncey Harvey:

“For lack of rhyme and lack of time,
We’ll leave this space for him
Who talks a lot of stuff that’s hot,
And is exceeding thin.”

DID YOU EVER?

“Did you ever think Earl Parker was a saint?
Did you ever think his wickedness a feint?
Did you ever? No you never!
For they say that after all he really aint!”

“Did you ever hear Sadie Loveland laugh aloud?
Did you ever think with sense she was endowed?
Did you ever? No you never!
For you couldn’t miss that giggle in a crowd.”

“Did you ever see friend Davis’ haughty glance?
Did you ever see him round the maidens prance?
Did you ever? No you never!
For you probably were held as in a trance.”

SAYINGS OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS

Harvey in American History:

"Lincoln was a thoughtful man and had a deep, heavy voice."

Miss Dunn in Physics:

"Mr. L—answer as if you know what you were talking about."

"Wad" "That would be deceiving."

Henderson in Virgil—"She gave her foliage to the winds."

Mr. Shepard to Eng. IV. Class—"You are all evil. Whatever I say will have no effect upon you."

Mr. Wilmot in Chapel—"They shall all be as sheep." "The seafaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein."

Hayden Whitney to Miss S.

"See here mama."

Mr. Wilmot in Chapel:

"You should follow your nose."

Jenkins—"If I should follow mine, I should go right up."

Miss Dunn to Biology class—"This is an empty bottle containing air."

Mr. Branch informs the English I class that the plural form of "this" is "that."

Ariel Whitney (Am. Hist.) "The Union forces went to a fish-hook place."

"Bill" Davis calls the family, "A pure democracy."

RAREBITS

Ludington (entering the dining room of the Lewis House) "Loucks, do you suppose I can kiss the cook?"

Waiter—"If you want to tackle me."

A ROMANCE

Time—in "The Tempest."

Place—"Midsummer Night's Dream

Actors—"Romeo and Juliet."

Witnesses—"Antony and Cleopatra."

Act I. "As You Like it."

Act II. "Much Ado About Nothing."

Act III. "A Comedy of Errors."

Act IV. "Love's Labor Lost."

"All's well that ends well."

Am. Hist. Debating Club—"High air castles are cunningly built of words, the words also well bedded in good Logic—mortar; wherein, however, no knowledge will come to lodge."

"A WOP."

A pound of spraghett and a red-a-bandan'

A stilet' and a corduroy suit

Add garlic wat make for him stronga da mus'.

And a talent for blacka da boot!

Students: "To that dry drudgery at the desks dead wood."

Am. Hist Class: "Discussion is apt to lead to percussion and percussion to cuss-ion."

Anna DeLong: "I know thou (A)'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath."

Mabel Hanson: "Our chains and our jewels,
Your brooches, pearls and ruches."

Junior Class: Can such things be without our special wonder.

Sophomore Class: Above the vulgar flight of common souls.

Freshman Class: Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.

Chapel: The land of scholars and the nurse of *arms*.
4th period p. m. A pleasing land of drowsy heads.
When is a chapel not a chapel? When its a spoonholder.

Students: The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

"Tad" Jones: Alive, ridiculous,
Dead, Forgot.

G. Huntley: Moping, melancholy,
And moonstruck madness.

Exams: Soft heartedness in times like these shows sof'ness in the upper story.

UNCOMMON SENSE

Mr. Shepard: Let x equal life.
y equal love or heart.
z equal woman.
x plus (y plus z) equals affinity.

The Diary of a Freshman: 1. "Tad" Jones sent out of school two weeks on account of Miss Dunn. 2. Parsons sent out two times in November. 3. Myself sent out four times. 4. Made to sit on front seat four times by Shepard for playing marbles. 5. Sent out first class by Wilmot (not my fault, my affinity). 6. Sent out by Snell, (all my fault). 7. My brother shook by Lawton till his teeth rattled. 8. Kept until 5:45 by Miss Dunn for laughing.

Davis { Many a sock of many a hue
Taylor { And many a giddy bug-a-boo
Ludington { Did ramp and stamp and antics do.

English classes: "Who climbs the Grammar Tree distinctly know where noun and verb and participle grow."

Miss Snell: We shall refrain from grinding Miss Snell on account of her ability for squelching her friends.

Charlotte Skinner: Frank, haughty, rash—The Rupert of debate.

Hayden Whitney: "Lashed into Latin by the tingling rod."

Ernest Harrington: Just as soon as I get a girl someone else steps in and takes her.

First Public Debate: "A fine volley of words and quickly shot off."

FUTURE OCCUPATIONS OF PROMINENT MEXICANS

G. Ulery: Private Secretary.
V. Brewer: Understudy for Sarah Bernhardt.
G. Davis: Broke—r.
C. Harvey: Confidence Man.
R. Miller: Heart Specialist.
V. Graves: Animal Trainer.
M. Lawrence: Fashion Model
J. Maybie: Dishwasher in Hotel.
T. Mellon: End Man.
Mildred Smith: Cand(ee)y Store Proprietess.

Lillian Sill: "You say that I'm fickle and insincere,
But I solemnly swear that's untrue
I merely admire those other boys, dear
For the traits that remind me of you."

"Wad": "Remember that when you are right you can afford to keep
your temper and when you are wrong you can't afford to lose it."

Hazel Reidell: "It's better to have loafed and flunked than never to
have loafed at all."

Extract from a letter of a former Student

"I am not a graduate of Mexico Academy but am, however, eligible to the "Janitor's Association;" as I earned my tuition in it for my special course in Civil Engineering in a janitorial capacity, by sweeping out the rooms and toting wood up three flights of stairs. In addition I managed to square the board bills by hoeing gardens, sawing wood, milking romantic cows, cleaning up charming vistas of front yards etc."

"An aim in life is the only fortune worth finding; and it is not to be found in foreign lands but in the heart itself."

EXTRAS FOR DESSERT

Roy DeLong: Studious of ease and fond of humble things."
Chas. Dolph: "Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin."
Eliza Emery: "Over the Ocean Blue."
Hazel Gass: "She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with
And pleasant too, to think on."
Lena Gray: "For silence and chaste reserve is woman's genuine
praise."
Minnie Henderson: "Fair words gladden so many a heart."
Ellen Hart: "If 'twere not for my cat—I think I could not live."
"Chaunce" Harvey: "Greatness knows itself."
Ernest Harrington: "I have lived and loved."

"Calviney" Houghton: "All nature wears one universal grin."

Rowena Kingsbury: "Mysterious Love, uncertain treasure,
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure."

Gerald Ludington: "There is unspeakable pleasure attending the
life of a voluntary student."

Ross Miller: "The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

Chas. Mowry: ? ? ? ? equals result when you try to grind Charlie.

Margaret Skinner: "Cares not a pin
What they said, or may say."

Leta Tremaine: "A maiden never bold,
Of spirit, so still and quiet."

Lizzie Tourot: "Silent as one who treads on new fallen snow
Love came upon me ere I was aware."

Ariel Whitney: "Hers is a spirit deep and crystal-clear,
Calmly beneath her earnest face it lies."



The Class of 1912 desire here to express their
thanks to those who by their financial aid
have made this number of "The Mexican"
possible, and to our readers we would say:
"Patronize those who patronize us."

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Nov. 22—Pettingill and Ludington, looking for big game, shoot
H. Smith.

Apr. 17—Mr. Davis asserts he is a "maiden lady."

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Apr. 18—Miss Hungerford calls on Miss "Day."

Apr. 23—C. Skinner—They "amputated" the army.

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Apr. 24—Eng. Paper—Silas Marner woke up and found himself asleep.

Apr. 16—Am. Hist.—Hollister—Treaty of 1783 gave Americans
the right to fish.

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Apr. 16—Physics class are given lessons in division by Mr. Wilmot.

Jan. 23—Eng. II—Some new words added to the Eng. language.

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Apr. 25—Davis on time to Draw. IV.

Jan. 24—Miss S—"Well Mr. Harvey, can't you wait for a chance to talk."

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Jan. 26—Mr. G. in Eng. II (impressively) "Lads and Lordies of high degree."

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